

Butts On Trial

“Everything will be okay. Don’t worry. I got you. We will make sure that this ends today,” the lawyer said to the hysterically crying woman that sat beside him. He placed a consoling hand on his wrist as the door to the large conference opened and three men entered. The lawyer scowled at three men but in particular, the one that entered wearing a white suit.

“Mr. Barusch, thank you for joining us today. I had thought that the appointment was set for 3? Or am I mistaken?” The lawyer asked as he stood and shook hands with the two men that came with the defendant. “Johnathan. Michael,” the lawyer said shortly to the other lawyers.

“I’m sorry. We must have gotten our lines crossed with another appointment,” Mr. Barusch snidely said as he took a seat across the table from the weeping woman. “Beverly! So good to see you! Husband doing okay?” He asked, raising an eyebrow. The woman folded in on herself and her tears began to fall once again. Matthew angrily stared at the robust bald-headed man in anger. He knew this man’s type; rich, powerful, unapologetic. Matthew hadn’t been a lawyer for long but he lived his entire life in New York City and had heard whispers about Mr. Barusch and his family ever since he was young.

“If you have any questions or comments for my client. I would appreciate you directing them towards me. As I have stated multiple times.” The lawyer’s hands grew obviously tense as he clutched his pad-folio. Mr. Barusch shrugged in ambivalence, clearly disinterested in the rules and guidelines of how mediation was to go.

“Oh, lighten up Matthew.”

“Lighten up? Lighten up?!” Beverley shrieked as he slammed his frail bony hands onto the table. “My husband may never walk again because of one of your thugs!” Matthew placed a hand on Beverley’s and eased her back into her seat.

“We have made our stance on the matter quite clear. We won’t go to trial, but due compensation is needed for Mrs. White and her husband. I feel the offer was very generous, all things considered.” Matthew’s words hung in the air as the two lawyers whispered into the ears of their boss.

It was a known fact that Mr. Barusch led one of the most prevalent mobs within Brooklyn, and everyone knew that if one was to cross any of the Barusch Family. You would end up with two broken knee caps. Unfortunately, Beverley’s husband was one of those individuals who ended up on the worse end of a baseball bat. But luckily for the Whites, there was a witness and a witness who was not afraid

of the mob. She came forward and pointed the finger, and it was more than enough for the police to finally do their jobs.

But he was rich and had more than enough judges in his pocket to get out of jail on bail, and the case was buried under years worth of paperwork and legal nonsense. Matthew powered through with my team for her, and finally, mediation was set and so were court dates. If mediation was not accepted.

“Listen, Mr. Gregory, I am sorry that Mrs. Whites husband ended up injured but I do not see how that would be my problem. New York City is a very dangerous place for people, especially if you cross the wrong person. You don’t know what might happen.” His words were a threat, not only to Beverly. But also to Matthew. He tried to speak, but his mouth went dry as his nerves began to boil underneath his skin. He pawed at the pitcher of water and poured himself a glass, attempting to keep the illusion of calmness. He downed one glass, followed by a second, and then stood.

“I think we are done here today. It doesn’t look like anything will be agreed upon today. So we will be seeing you in court in three weeks,” Matthew said as he collected his papers. “Beverly it is time to go.” Beverly stood defiantly across from the man who ruined her life. If looks could kill, her eyes would have burned clean through the bald head of Mr. Barusch.

“What? We were just getting things started. You’re leaving so soon? Did I say something wrong?” Mr. Barusch asked, his eyes took on a façade of hurt but his tone was full of venom.

“Good day. Jonathan. Michael. It was good seeing you two. I will see you in court.” That was all that was said as both Matthew and Beverly both exited the room with a slam of the conference room door.

“I was getting worried that he would drink any of the water,” Mr. Barusch said as he inspected his nails. “The solution was in the water, correct?”

“Yes, sir. We did an extra dose just like you required.” Michael said as he stood, and poured what remained of the water down the drain and threw the pitcher into the trashcan.

“Excellent. See if Mr. Matthew Gregory will be so prepared in court when the solution really starts to take effect,” Mr. Barusch laughed. “I can’t wait to see the results. Michael, go ahead and flag down the town car. I will be down shortly. You may leave to Jonathan,” Mr. Barusch said dismissing his other lawyer, and when the room was empty he propped his feet up on the table and rubbed his cock as it bulged through his pants. “I just can’t wait Matthew. Can’t wait.” Just the thought of what was going to happen to Matthew was enough to get Mr. Barusch’s cock rock hard and leaking.

3 weeks later

Matthew stood in front of his full-length mirror, struggling to pull his pants over his ass. His face was contorted in distress as he tugged and pulled, but his ample butt cheeks hung off his lower back like a full-blown shelf.

“Jesus Christ!” He cried as stopped, now winded from his attempts to cover his ass. “I really need to lay off the late night ice cream,” he said to himself as he turned to the side. He couldn’t explain it, but in the last few weeks, he couldn’t help but notice his pants growing tighter around his hips and thighs. His waist continued to stay trim and flat but his ass seemed to have exploded in size. Matthew had had a cute bubble butt before the unreasonable weight gain, but now it was like he had a complete dump trunk hanging from himself where ever he went. He was surprised that his underwear was able to fit over his now sizable mounds. And in the last few weeks, he had been very thankful for the existence of spandex.

Matthew kicked his pants to the side and bent down into his bottom drawer, looking for any other pants he could wear to court. He could feel his already skintight boxers stretch against his cheeks as he bent over, and the feeling teased him with the threat of ripping. He tossed repeated pairs of trousers to the side, knowing that anything that was tailored wouldn’t be able to fit over his massive mounds. He pulled one pair from the very bottom of his dresser and hoped that the one loose fitting pair of pants would be able to hold.

As he held his pants in his hand, he just couldn’t help but stare at his ass. Both cheeks looked like he shoved two overinflated balloons into his underwear and tried to pass them off like his ass. Or worse, that he had some alleyway implants put in with no regard to how an engorged behind would look on his skinny frame. He touched his ass and swore that he was smaller yesterday. He jumped in place and watched how the two cheeks bounced long after he stood still. His cheeks fatty undersides did nothing to keep them in place, but only push them further away from his body.

Matthew, taking the pants in hand pushed both of his feet through the leg holes with ease. It wasn’t until the waistband of the trousers hit the apex of his hips and the thickest part of his ass that he had to quiet literally push them into place. He manhandled his own cheeks in the hope that he could force them into the fabric. Pushing down his fattened cheeks, he moved one into the backside of the pants after the other. With the aggressive handling of his ass, Matthew couldn’t help but harden as he touched himself. Never before had he ever enjoyed having his ass touched by any of his girlfriends in the past, but recently it seemed like even brushing against someone in the subway was enough to make his cock spurt out a shot of precum into his pants.

Matthew stared at himself once more in the “baggy” trousers and saw the way they clung to every curve of his ass. He stood unhappily as he examined his outfit. He couldn’t button the pants or even move the zipper more than halfway up. So his hardened cock bulged out between the unhinged zipper. While the back of his pants seemed ready to burst at any second. The way the seams were stretched down the backside of his trousers told him they were being held together by the grace of God.

“These will have to do,” Matthew told himself as he finished dressing and left his apartment.

With much care, and with the help of Beverly when he dropped his phone onto the floor; he made it to the courthouse with no incidents. He prepared her for what was to come, and the hardships that would come with taking Mr. Barusch to court. She was ready and so was Matthew.

The two strolled into the courtroom, confident and ready for the trial to begin. Much to their surprise Mr. Barusch and his legal team were already stationed at their table, preparing for the case.

“Matthew so glad to see you!” Mr. Barusch said to Matthew and he stood for his table. Matthew was turned off by the overly eager Mob Boss as he brought Matthew into a warm embrace much to his surprise.

“Mr. Barusch! Unhand me!” Matthew shouted as he felt the large man squeeze him into his large body. Matthew could feel his partially exposed bulge rub against the man’s massive thigh and the wetness that came with the enjoyable sensation. But unknown to him Mr. Barusch was staring down, as he hooked his head over his shoulder, at his massive pillow-like asscheeks.

“Oh, I’m sorry. I thought we were friends Matthew,” Mr. Barusch said as he unlatched his muscular arms and pulled back to his seat.

“We are anything but friends Mr. Barusch,” Matthew said as he straightened his tie and took his seat.

The Courtroom filled with witnesses, bailiffs, and the judge shortly after Matthew took his seat. The judge began the case with a few short words and opened the floor for either person to begin. Matthew stood quickly, in order to take the opening argument. But with such a quick movement he felt his asscheeks bounce aggressively as if they were pounding on the seams of his pants.

Matthew stepped towards the judge and spoke eloquently and loudly, stating his case as to why Mr. Barusch should be imprisoned as well as why Beverly should be awarded. The more he spoke the more passionate his words became, but when he became too sure of his movements that’s when it happened. One foot moved too quickly over the other, and down he went to the floor. It was like slow motion to Matthew as he toppled to the floor, and when he fell onto his hands his knees did he hear the sound that sealed his humiliation.

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Not only did his pants finally give into the massive pressure of his expansive ass but so too did his underwear. Matthew's cheeks, all four of them turned to beat red with humiliation as the entire courtroom stared at his bare ass. Matthew looked towards Mr. Barusch and the lewd way he stared at Matthew's exposed buttocks. But as Mr. Barusch stared at Matthew in his vulnerable state did Matthew begin to feel a tingle deep between his cheeks. A slight itch, that Matthew felt a deep yearning need to scratch. Matthew pulled himself to his feet, feeling his cheeks wobble and jiggle as if trying to entice any of the onlookers to come touch.

"I need a recess!" Matthew blurted out as he ran from the courtroom. He could hear every person in the courtroom turn around and look at Matthew's backside as he ran from the courtroom, obviously staring at his massive cheeks as they waved goodbye.